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friends



Alice Roger Collins



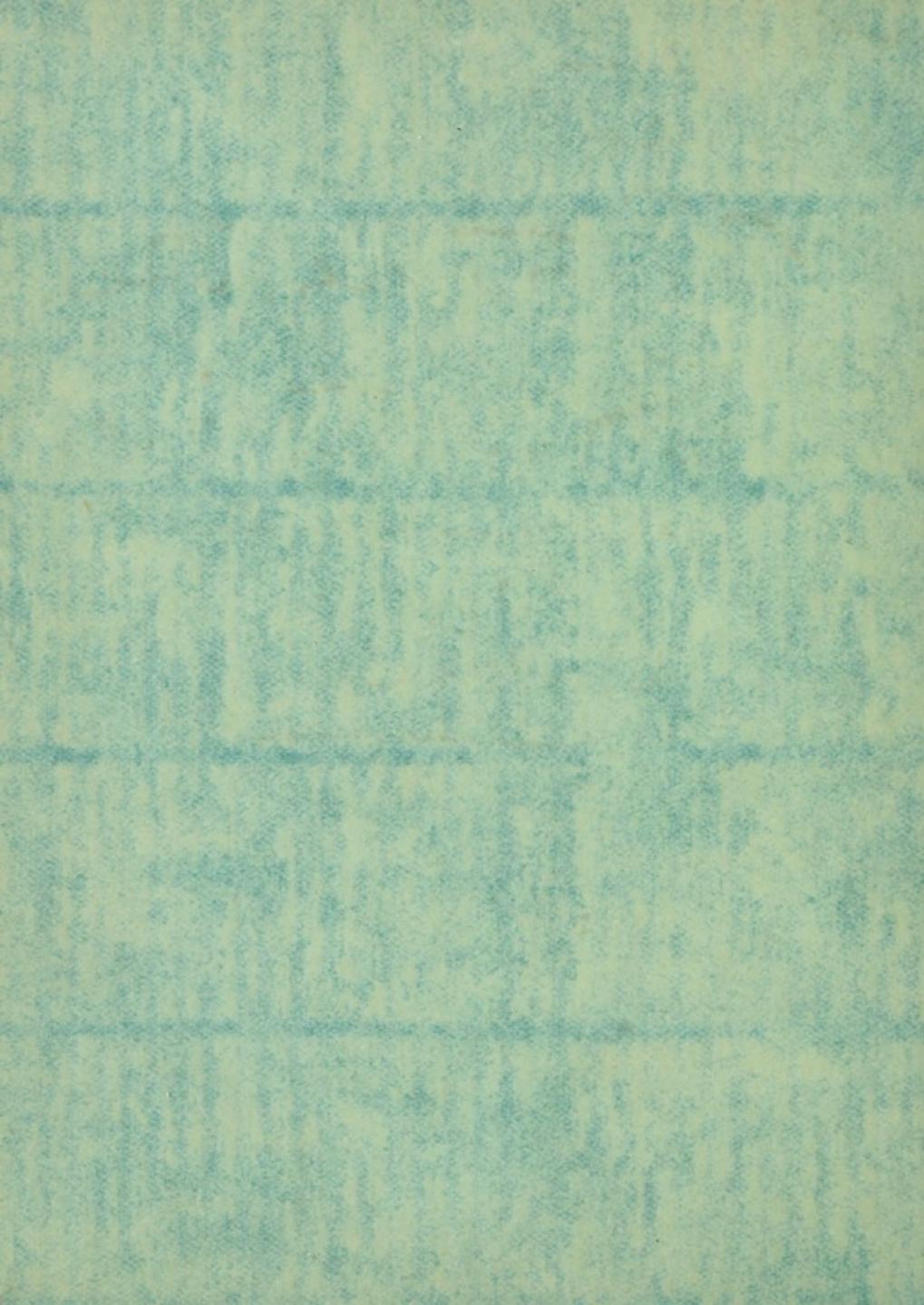
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Katie
With my love
& best wishes

Alice

>Walters p 34

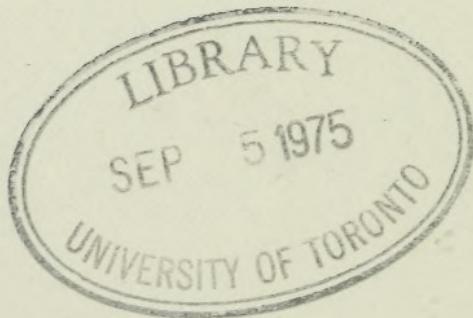
Inscribed



Friends
and other verses
by

Alice Roger Collins

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FRIENDS

When spring in dainty garb of green,
 Comes gaily dancing in,
Each bursting bud, each singing bird,
 Seems eager to begin
To tell of all the glorious boons
 That life forever sends:
Wealth, Beauty, Happiness and Health,
 But best of all are friends.

Summer and Autumn laden are
 With happy thoughts and days.
In summer Heaven sends us flow'rs;
 In Autumn, through the haze
Of air sweetened by leafy smoke,
 This thought—"Much joy depends
On travel, books, and music too
 But best of joys are friends."

And now the winter snows are here.
 All softly fall the flakes
Of wondrous shapes, and fair designs.
 Each thing in nature makes
My heart rejoice, because I know
 That joys can never end
For, through the years that are to come,
 I'll have you for my friend.



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MINSTRELSY

Here, in the heart of woods
I sit alone.

Needles of pine lie thick upon the rocks
And give a sweet fine smell.
Oak, cedar, and sumac in rich profusion grow;
Mosses and lichens, on great boulders, give
an opal glow;
And, where the sun slants in between the
branches,
Myriads of merry insects flutter, and flit, and
hum.
A stray wasp adds its thrum.

This is the orchestra of summer's later days—
The wasp—the horn,
While the gay grasshopper,
Skipping from blade to blade, where
grassy plots are seen,
Pauses—And lets us hear him drone
Upon his droll bassoon.
And everything in nature
Seems to be part of one great symphony
Its title "Sweet Content."

I, too, would join this minstrelsy—

But, when I try to sing,

Each sound gives but a hollow ring.

Why is this? Can you not guess?

This question answer true—

How shall I sing of Sweet Content

When all I want is You?

SUNSET

A rippling wavy stretch of blue—

Then, dark above, myriads of stately
bulrushes

Standing like sentinels,
Uniformed, erect, untired.

Higher than these the cedars

Growing in fragrance luxuriantly—

Above, and over-topping all,

The sky, blushing from farewell kisses of
the sun,

In tints of pink, mauve, green—

Ducks float lazily upon the lake—

Gulls, white and beautiful,
Soar in the opal dome—

Yonder, the great blue heron

Takes his measured flight
To his loved home upon the

Tall pine tree—

The only sound—

The chuff-chuff of the engines as our
boat goes puffing on.

THE TASK

A task was giv'n to me—
 So trivial it seemed
I was inclined to shirk,
 And ask, "Why must this be?"

From out my casement, streamed
 A light upon my work;
And, through the task so low and mean,
 A great Soul—Truth has gleamed.

TO-DAY

There are days that open glorious
With the sun pouring his radiance
Over each act
And scene—
The clouds, fleecy and white,
 Float high above;
Flowers, bending in the wind,
Whisper caressingly that care and
worldly fret must banished be—

But still our hearts do not respond,
For something lies beneath both toil and play
That robs our day of joy.

But this day has been perfect!
Rising in the morning
With the joy of your Presence
 pervading all,
I have thrilled with exquisite rapture
At all beauty in Nature—
For all this beauty
Is but the evidence of You.

DREAMS

Who scoffs at dreams?

All who are worthy have their dreams,
And of these dreams the best of life is made.
 Musicians, poets, sculptors too,
 What are they but our dreamers,
Who, from a filmy fantasy
 Have woven for us wondrous
 tapestries of thought?

I, too have dreams—
 Best of these
Is one of Universal Brotherhood—
 When Hate, and Spite, and Petty
 Meanness
 Shall behind strong doors be barred.
When creed shall not look down on creed,
 Nor race on race—
When Bigotry shall pass away,
To Toleration giving place—
When Greed, and Cruelty, and every
 Vice that now corrupts our world,
 Shall all be gone—
And, in their places, shall arise
A Legion of the Larger Soul.

Then, in my dream,

I see the followers of the Wondrous
Nazarene

At prayer.

“Give us, O God the grace to live according
to our light

As do so many who are not of our own faith.”

While out upon the desert
Kneels an Arab.

Facing the East he cries,
“Allah, great Allah,
Grant that to our tribe

May come a peace
Like unto that of
Christ”—

Ah, could some Poet-Soul
But dream my dream for me;
And then, awaking,

Have power, with a mighty pen
To paint the dream,

So that, in time all men should know
That only Love leads on to Happiness

And up
To God!

SONNET

To think that I have ever hurt you Dear!
When you have giv'n yourself to me entire—
Your Heart so pure none other need aspire
Ever to equal it, or e'en come near—
Your whole Self all unspoiled by stain of sin—
Your Courage before which cowards retire,—
Your Zeal for Good which sets men's hearts
 on fire
To do the right, saying "We'll fight and win!"
Your Intellect and Vision keen and clear,
Your Honour that 'gainst craft of
 men serves well—
And your great Soul radiant as stars
 so bright—
But best of all your Love to me, so dear!
To think I hurt you Dear! This thought
 is Hell,
And rankles in my heart both day and night.

AFTERGLOW

How beautiful is evening's afterglow!
Sun gone;
 Sky blue,
 With pencillings of pink,
 and mauve, and gold.
The winds have chased the sun, and
 now are tired.
Even the trees are still,
 As if
 They watched, with sleepy joy,
 The coming of the night.

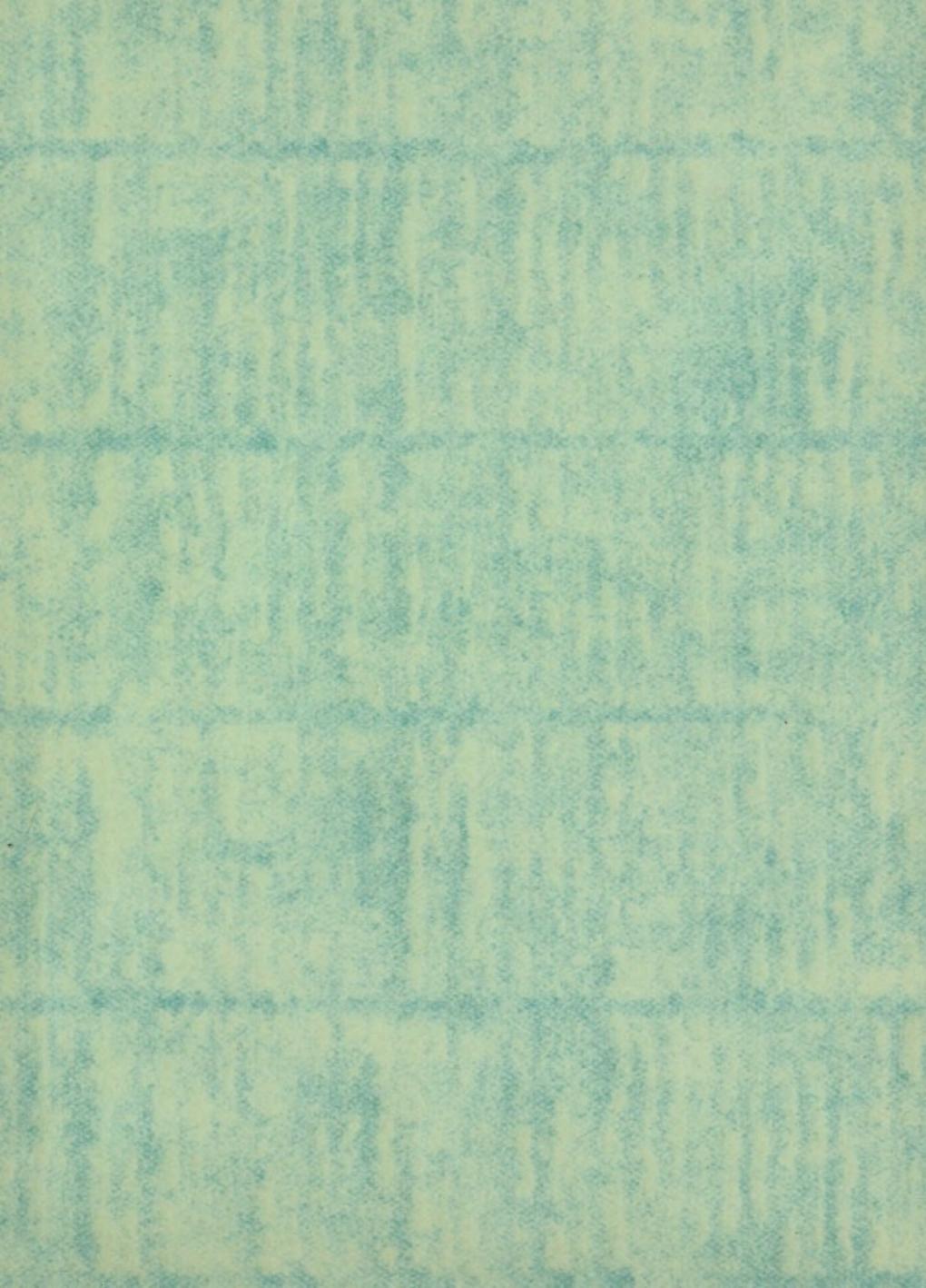
This scene of peace seems but to
 bring to me
 Your memory dear;
And, with the memory, the thought
 That you, like the gold orb of day,
 Have left me.
Then comes the wish—
 That, like the sun, you'll soon return.

A THOUGHT

At gladsome times I think of you,
For, when my heart is gay,
I wish with all my heart you weren't
So very far away.

When everything is going wrong
I feel the need of cheer;
And then I need you all the more,
And wish that you were here.

And so I send this—just to let
You know you're in my thought.
I wish you joy, and dare to send
This wish to you unsought.





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